

The peace serum does not seem to have taken in Europe.

Nothing withstands the cold breezes like a young girl's white shoes.

Uncle Sam is short 3,000,000 girls. That number is needed to match the male population.

Please note that the burglar whom somebody smashed in the face with a pie got away with it.

A woman gets a hat to fit her face. The fit that the man gets is proportional to the size of the bill.

The latest thing in dances is the "horse trot." And probably the next thing to it is the nightmare.

Some experts declare that the hobble skirt makes our women knock-kneed. We are from Missouri.

Poison Ivy is full of lovely color in the autumn, but no one should carry it home because of its loveliness.

Los Angeles complains of a school book famine, but the small boys of that city are bearing up bravely.

They are going to make dollar bills smaller. The grocery man attended to that little detail some time ago.

A New York man had his name changed from Arestad to Nightingale. He certainly selected a bird of a name.

If the plan to employ policemen for Chicago is carried out we may expect the crooks to go to carrying mice.

The limit of criticism is reached when one woman says of another: "Why, she doesn't even make her own bed."

Mathematics tell us the birthdays we have been celebrating are frauds. But everybody over 30 knew that already.

Parisian beauties are to be yellow of face instead of pink and white. One moment, please, while we change complexion.

A contribution of two cents was received by the Washington conscience fund. Bet the fellow who sent it looks like it, too.

A Colorado man had fifteen hives robbed of honey at one time. He must be cultivating the stingless variety of bee.

A Boston doctor says the women of that town are not knock-kneed. And he talks like a man who knows whereof he speaks.

Somebody is advertising an apparatus for cooking over a gas jet, but he is no friend to the woman who has a hall bedroom to let.

There will always be a difference between unlaundersed money and tainted money, with plenty of people ready to grab either.

A French expert says that the family is doomed within a half-century through the automobile. Wonder what death rate he figures.

The largest stone statue in the world is in Japan. It is forty-four feet high, which probably accounts for the fact that it is still there.

A California judge refused alimony to a woman who refuses to cook for her spouse. If she's still cooking for him, what need of alimony?

A Chicago bride ran away because her husband would not buy her a new feather for her hat. Trifles have before now overturned empires.

The woman conductor on Philadelphia's street cars is called a cashier by courtesy. This is, however, no slam on conductors in general.

A German specialist claims that telephones make the modern man crazy. Until he spoke, it was generally believed the operators were responsible.

A New York man was fined for swearing when tickled by a young woman's hat feathers. Wrong word. He evidently wasn't tickled.

The Fido muff is the latest armful affected by feminine caprice. Deceased pets do not, however, enter into the composition of this elegant trifle.

As a suggestion to a means of preventing so many drownings in the United States navy, it might be a good idea to teach the sailors how to swim.

The man who married a girl under school age and is now obliged under a fine to see that his wife goes to school regularly, is somewhat wiser since the fine was imposed, and perhaps he is obliged to get his own meals.

Milk makes an admirable hair tonic, according to the same prima donna who lately discovered the \$15,000 lump of ambergris. Thus it is proved that grand opera is a terrible strain on the inventive powers of the press agent.

Our First Thanksgiving



THANKSGIVING day as it is now celebrated is a composite of the ancient Harvest festival, whose origins go back to the dim pre-historic beginnings of civilization, and of the solemn Puritan religious ceremony of thanksgiving. The joyous celebration of the gathering of the year's harvest, a day or week of feasting, song, dance and revel, is found in all ages and among all peoples. Thanksgiving days are also common to all religions, past and present, but they were not regular or periodical events—occurring generally after some victory of war. "The Puritans and the Pilgrims brought with them from England both the Harvest festival and the Thanksgiving days, the latter being observed whenever the deeply religious mind of the Puritan saw in their prosperity or good fortune the direct intervention of Providence. The Puritan also stripped the ancient Harvest festival of much of its rude license that had grown up around the celebration in England, and gradually through the two centuries following the settlement of New England, there grew up the practice of combining the two events and making the Thanksgiving annual. The religious element has been greatly subordinated as the years passed until at the present time it is to a majority of Americans only an incident that by many is observed only in the breach.

To the stern old Puritan of almost three centuries ago, the Thanksgiving day of 1912 would seem little less than sacrilege so far as the thinking of the day is concerned. But he would understand and appreciate the day's feasting and revel as a part of the celebration of the Harvest festival. The difference is apparent in the records of the early settlement of America. The first thanksgiving service held in North America was observed with religious ceremonies conducted by an English minister in the year 1578 on the shores of Newfoundland. This clergyman, accompanied the expedition under Frobenius, who settled the first English colony in America. The records of this significant day have been preserved in the quaint rules and regulations of the expedition as follows:

"In primis: To banish swearing, dice and card playing, and filthy communication, and to serve God twice a day with the ordinary service of the Church of England. On Monday morning, May 27, 1578, aboard the Ayde, we received all, the communication by the minister of Gravesend, prepared as good Christians toward God, and resolute men for all fortunes; and Maister Wolfall made unto us a goodlye sermon, exhorting all especially to be thankful to God for His strange and marvelous deliverance in those dangerous places."

The second record of a thanksgiving service in America is that of the Popaham colony which settled at Sagadahoc on the Maine coast in 1607. It consisted of prayer and sermon as in the first instance. These were thanksgiving days pure and simple, and after the settlement of Plymouth many others of a similarly solemn religious nature occurred.

The first Harvest festival held in America was upon December 13, 1621. It has been called, wrongly, the first autumnal thanksgiving held in America, but it was in reality the observance of the Harvest festival, with which the settlers had been acquainted in England. It was not a day set apart for religious worship and it is not likely that any religious service was held; on the contrary, it was the beginning of a whole week of festivity in celebration of the successful garnering of their first harvest in

their new home. Quaintly does "Mourt's Relation" chronicle the event:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governour sent foure men on fowling, that so we might after a more speciall manner rejoyce together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labours; they foure in one day killed as much fowle, as with a little helpe beside, served the Company almost a weeke, at which time amongst other Recreations, we exercised our Armes, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest King Massasoit, with some ninetie men, whom for three dayes we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed Deere, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon the Captaine, and others. And although it be not alwayes so plentiful, as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodnesse of God, we are so farre from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

While the bill of fare of this first American celebration of the Harvest festival has not been preserved the feast was no doubt a royal one even if some of the food and the methods of preparation would seem strange and outlandish to present day Americans. The provisions must have been bountiful for there were about 140 persons including the 90 of Massasoit's company who were entertained for three days, and all had their share of supplies. From other sources we know that the foods of the sea were abundant and that the Pilgrims had made the acquaintance of the oyster. Ducks they had in plenty of the choicest species and also geese. Game, from grouse to venison, was brought in from the forest in abundance, and there was a "great store" of wild turkeys. Barley loaf and cakes of corn meal were highly

prized by the colonists and played their part in the feast. For, vegetables the Pilgrims had much the same as they had in England. Gov. Bradford's list naming beans, pease, parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes, "skirrets," beets, coleworts, and cabbages, in addition to wheat, rye, barley and oats. Besides these they had the indigenous squash and pumpkin, and it may be taken for granted that a careful Pilgrim housewife had preserved during the summer by drying a quantity of strawberries, gooseberries and "raspis." Take it altogether, the food basis of the first Harvest Thanksgiving day celebration in America was much the same as today.

But if the good housewife of today was obliged to prepare the thanksgiving feast with the utensils and inconveniences of the kitchen of three centuries ago she probably would throw up her hands in hopeless despair. The kitchen with its great glowing fireplace was the housewife's domain and the general living room of the entire family. The walls and the floor were bare and the furniture meager and comfortless, while the kitchen furnishings were odd and strange. It was in this great cavernous chimney that the Pilgrim wife cooked her thanksgiving dinner. Placed high up in the yawning chimney was the heavy backbar, or lug-hole, of green wood, afterwards displaced by the great iron crane. It was beyond reach of the flames, and from it hung a motley collection of hooks of various lengths and weights. They had many different names, such as pot-hooks, pot-hangers, pot-clays, pot-cleps, trammels, crooks, hakes, gallow-balks, words that would puzzle a housewife of today to define. From these were suspended the pots and kettles in which the food was cooked. At both sides of the fire-

place were large ovens in which baking and roasting were done.

There were no tin utensils in those old days and brass kettles were worth \$15 a piece. The utensils were mostly of iron, wood, pewter or latten ware. Glassware was practically unknown and bottles were made of leather. Wood played a great part in kitchen and tableware. Wooden trenchers from which two ate were used on the table for a century after the settlement at Plymouth. Wood was also used for pans and bread troughs and a host of other things displaced by tin in the modern kitchen. Of wood were made butter paddles, salt cellars, noggins, keelers, rundlets, and many kinds of drinking bowls which were known under the names of mazers, whiskins, piggins, tankards and kannes, words many of which have disappeared from use.

The dining table of these old days was the old Anglo-Saxon board placed on trestles, and the tablecloth was known as the "board cloth." Thus we have the origin of the time-worn phrase: "Gather around the festive board." And the furnishings of the "board" were simple, inventories of that period mentioning only cups, chafing dishes, chargers, trenchers, salt-cellars, knives and spoons. The table fork was an innovation not yet in general use; the fingers of the eater were used to thrust the food into the mouth. The spoons were of wood and pewter mostly. Silver spoons were rare. There was no chinaware on the tables of the early thanksgiving feasts; for no chinaware came over on the Mayflower. That and the lack of glassware and silver would make a thanksgiving table of the seventeenth century look impossible to a housewife of today. Complete the picture by imagining large trenchers, square blocks of wood hollowed out by hand, placed around the "board" from each of which two people dig their food out with their fingers, and you have an idea of the manner in which our ancestors celebrated Thanksgiving three centuries ago.

But if the kitchen and table furniture would appear strange to a housewife of today some of the dishes served would appear even stranger. How many housekeepers of today can cook "suppaw" and "somp" from corn meal? Or bake manchet, simmels, cracknels, jannacks, cocket bread, cheat loaves, or "wassel" bread? The colonists did not take kindly at first to the pumpkin, which in the pie form has become a distinctive feature of the modern thanksgiving feast. They called them "pomons" then, and this is awe-inspiring recipe from which the colonial housewife made "pompon" pie:

"Take a half pound of Pumpion and slice it, a handful of Tyme, a little Rosemary, Parsley and sweet Marjoram slipped off the stalks, then the cinnamon, nutmeg and pepper, and six cloves, and beat them. Then mix them and beat them together and put in as much sugar as you see fit; then fry them like a froiz. After it is fried let it stand until it be cold. Take sliced apples, thinnne rounde ways, and lay a row of the froize and a layer of apples with currents betwixt the layer while your pie is fitted, and put in a good deal of sweet butter before you close it. When the pie is baked take six yolks of eggs, some white wine or Vergis and make a caudle of this, but not too thick. Cut up the lid and put it in. Stir them well together whilst the eggs and the pompons be not perceived and serve it up."

Thus saith the old cook book, and the modern housewife who faithfully follows this recipe can have at least a unique concoction, fearfully and wonderfully made, to grace her Thanksgiving table.

Patience is No Virtue!

Be Impatient with Backache!



Too patiently do many women endure backache, languor, dizziness and urinary ills, thinking them part of woman's lot. Often it is only weak kidneys and Doan's Kidney Pills would cure the case.

A MISSOURI CASE.

Mrs. H. J. Linnebur, 208 Madison St., St. Charles, Mo., says: "I was miserable from backache, pain in my head and dizziness. My housework was a burden. Doan's Kidney Pills stopped these troubles and removed annoyances from the kidney secretions. I have much to be grateful for."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

THE BEST QUALITY
STRAIGHT 5-CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a brilliant growth. Restores falling hair to its youthful color. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

JUST WHAT THEY EXPECTED

Committee Made No Mistake When They Looked for Almost Inevitable Comment.

A committee of investigating scientists approached a lady.

"Madam," said Professor Prewins, the spokesman, offering her a magnificent chrysanthemum of rare and lovely hue. "Madam, permit me to present this flower to you as a token of our high regard."

She clasped the splendid blossom in her lily white hand. Breathlessly the committee waited her reply.

"How beautiful it is!" she answered. "What an exquisite shade of purple! I should love to have a dress of that color."

Dr. Prewins nodded knowingly to the committee, as if to say, "I told you so."

The committee winked to the professor and whispered, "You win."

Farms for Children.

Perhaps the smallest farms in the world, each four by eight feet, have been devised by Mrs. Henry Parsons for the International Children's School Farm league, and demonstrated in New York. Each child becomes owner of his diminutive farm, in which he works, grows and harvests seven different kinds of vegetables, and these are borne by him in triumph to his family. About each farm is an 18-inch path, which he keeps in order; under his instructor it becomes a tiny object lesson in good roads.

His Mistake.

After the services were over, one of the congregation turned to his wife and said:

"On my way to church I picked up a button and put it in my change pocket, where I had a quarter."

"Gracious, my dear!" anticipated his wife, very much horrified. "And you dropped it into the collection basket by mistake?"

"No, confound it!" replied her husband. "I put it in the quarter."—Judge.

SCOFFERS

Often Make the Staunchest Converts.

The man who scoffs at an idea or doctrine which he does not fully understand has at least the courage to show where he stands.

The gospel of Health has many converts who formerly laughed at the idea that coffee and tea, for example, ever hurt anyone. Upon looking into the matter seriously, often at the suggestion of a friend, such persons have found that Postum and a friend's advice have been their salvation.

"My sister was employed in an eastern city where she had to do calculating," writes an Okla. girl. "She suffered with headache until she was almost unfit for duty."

"Her landlady persuaded her to quit coffee and use Postum and in a few days she was entirely free from headache." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "She told her employer about it, and on trying it, he had the same experience."

"My father and I have both suffered much from nervous headache since I can remember, but we scoffed at the idea advanced by my sister, that coffee was the cause of our trouble."

"However, we finally quit coffee and began using Postum. Father has had but one headache now in four years, due to a severe cold, and I have lost my headaches and sour stomach, which I am now convinced came from coffee."

"A cup of good, hot Postum is satisfying to me when I do not care to eat a meal. Circumstances caused me to locate in a new country and I feared I would not be able to get my favorite drink, Postum, but I was relieved to find that a full supply is kept here with a heavy demand for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

THANKSGIVING

By AMELIA E. BARR.

"Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
The barley, the oats, and the rye,
The golden corn and the pearly rice?
For the winter days are nigh."
"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vine,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme,
In the hive of the honey bees?"
"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers."

"The wealth of the snowy cotton field
And the gift of the sugar cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root—
There has nothing been given in vain."
"We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,
And the measure is full and brimming o'er."

Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessings and glory of home.